

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

May Naudain, in private life Mrs. C. H. George, after an absence from the stage of five or six years, has accepted the inevitable and is to sing the title role in Arthur Hammerstein's production of the Haverbach-Friml opera "Katinka," now in preparation. Miss Naudain was originally a product of Omaha, Neb. She went on the stage when the fever overtook her and was a protégé of Victor Herbert. She first appeared in "Babes in Toyland." In 1904, when she was a chorus girl with Lew Fields' "It Happened in Nordanland," at the Law Fields Theatre, now the Harris, she was given the role of the girl who sang "The Knot of Blue," succeeding Rosemary Gloss. In that part she made her first New York hit. Later she appeared with Mr. Fields in "About Town" and "Old Dutch." Marriage then claimed her and she did not reappear on the stage until she played a part in "The Girls of Guttenberg." After that she went into retirement again.

MISS CHILDERS TO MARRY. Naomi Childers, blonde, beautiful and a Vitaphone film star, has succumbed to Cupid's darts and is announcing that in June she will become the bride of Harold D. Shattuck, assistant general manager of the Schenck Confectionery Company. What makes it nicer is the fact that she is very fond of candy.

DID YOU KNOW THAT— Mary Full Stomach, an Indian maiden, has been given a Government job in Washington? Audrey Munson, who posed for nearly all the undraped statues at the San Francisco Exposition, went out last night without her hat and caught cold? Elsie Janis spent several hours yesterday reading inscriptions on old tombstones in an up-town graveyard and thinking of the past?

J. Fred Zimmerman, who is ever popular because of the bright things he says, rubs his throat with olive oil each morning to guard against laryngitis? Joe Westbottom of Slater, Mo., has written a song called, "She Left the Old Farm for Wicked Chicago," and hopes to startle New York with it.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. I'll sing you a song of the regular guy; the fellow who you right straight in the eye; whose smile is contagious; whose hand-shake is real; on whom you can bank to obtain a square deal. He's out in the open, this regular guy. His heart is as big as a cranberry pie. You'll find that on him you can always depend. He's ever an honest-to-goodness true friend. You're always delighted while strolling the street if one of these regular fellows you meet. He's there with the grin and the "How are you, Billy?" What's that—let's forget him? All right, then, I will. The reason I dug up this regular guy, is merely because on good stuff I was shy. 'Twas well that you stopped me. I don't care a whoop, I guess I'll go out and inhale some bean soup.

GOSSIP. Frederic Hatton, playwright, has returned to Chicago.

"Two Is a Company," the Philipp musical piece, is going on tour. Sarah Bernhardt will sail for America on Christmas Day.

Jessie Ralph will play the role of the mixer in "Eugenie de la Rue." Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe will open its engagement at the Century Jan. 17.

Mary (Mother) Maurice of the Vitaphone Players celebrated her seventy-first birthday Nov. 15.

Miriam Gurnea, who created such a sensation in "Patsy's School Days," is to be in the Christmas pantomime at the Lexington Opera House.

The Hippodrome's all-night box office for the sale of holiday tickets was open last night for the first time and did a good business.

Nat Goodwin's dexterity at the monologue game has brought him bookings for a long tour in Keith vaudeville at \$2,500 per week. Every now and then he throws in "Gunga Din" for good measure.

Victor Morris, Marguerite Clark, Charlotte Greenwood and Sliney Grant, Fannie Ward, Mary Pickford

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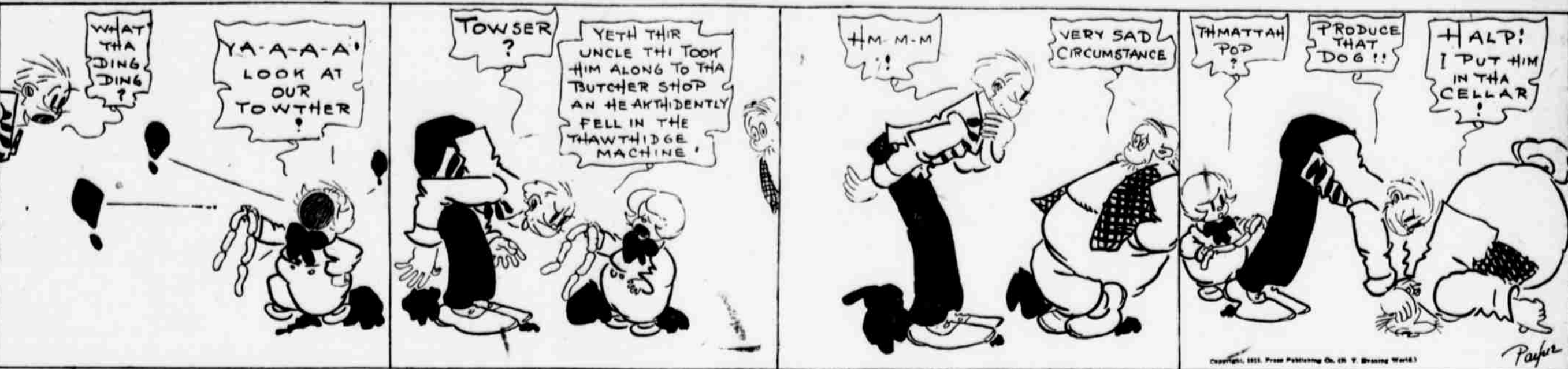
The cover was printed Oct. 11 and the pages are printed in The Evening World three days each week. The last page will be printed Dec. 31.

Don't send in your colored pages until after the last page has been printed in The Evening World and you have colored them all. A later announcement will tell you how to submit your book.



"S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY AND AXEL—The Trouble Is, Axel Is Too Fat to Be a "Great Spirit!"

By Vic



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Billy Isn't Satisfied With a Shower; He Wants It to POUR!

By Thornton Fisher



THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

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By Eleanor Schorer

and Valenka Suratt will be seen in feature films at the Strand soon. Gall Kane has signed up with the Equitable Motion Pictures corporation for a period of years and will give up regular acting for a while. She almost ran over a certain newspaper man with her auto on Broadway the other day.

AS TO CLEO'S GOWNS. The mother of Cleo Mayfield, the Kansas girl who plays the slinky widow in "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino, saw her daughter on a New York stage for the first time last night. Mrs. Mayfield lives in Lawrence, Kan. In the musical piece Miss Mayfield wears some gowns that are so free from excess material as to be little more than samples. After the performance the actress asked her mother how she liked the costumes.

"Why—they were very pretty," Mrs. Mayfield said. "Mine, so-and-so made them all," announced Miss Mayfield proudly. "That dressmaker has a snap," came the reply.

"QUINNIES" TO LEAVE. "Quinnies" will complete its New York engagement Nov. 27 and will go on tour, opening in Boston Nov. 29 for a run of four weeks and then starting for the Pacific Coast. The play was booked at Maxine Elliott's Theatre for six weeks.

WAFFLES ARE HERE. An actor friend invited us to breakfast at his home recently, and the piece de resistance of the meal was waffles. After eating six we decided to court the muse a bit. Here's the rhyme! Blame the waffles, please.

Waffles, waffles, by the way, I don't mind the chilly wind That's compared to waffles. I don't mind the chilly wind That's compared to waffles. I don't mind the chilly wind That's compared to waffles.

FOOLISHMENT. When Joseph Blue was twenty-two, he was a very foolish fellow. He was a very foolish fellow. He was a very foolish fellow. He was a very foolish fellow.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "My brother, what a darling!" "My brother's dear. He fell out of a window."

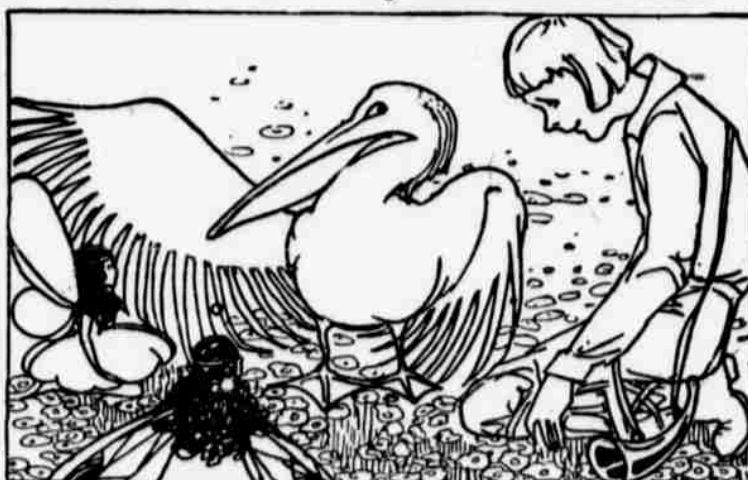
"So he took a drop too much, eh?"



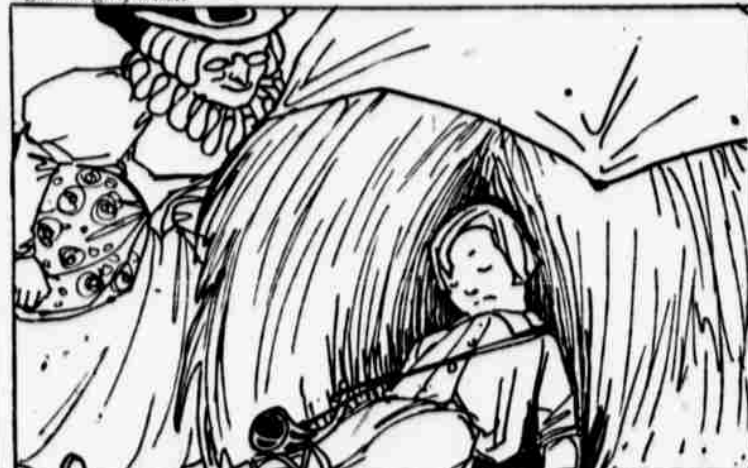
After Little Boy Blue sounded his horn and gathered the sheep into the fold, and locked the cows in the barn, he leaped like a deer over the brow of the hill and down into the valley, where Mab, Queen of Fairies, held court, to which he had been invited. An entertainment was in progress as Little Boy Blue took the seat of honor, on the right of Her Royal Highness.



"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the Cock. "Twas morn! The fairies, dancer, magician and all, disappeared, and Boy Blue trudged back over the hill to turn Mother Goose's sheep and cows into pasture. With heart of lead he lay down in a haycock and soon fell fast asleep. That is why he did not blow his horn when his sheep roamed the meadow and the cows straggled the corn."



The court dancer flittered from behind cobweb curtains and swayed lithely to and fro, flirting her skirts prettily. Boy Blue's heart quickened! He loved the dancer, and with Queen Mab's permission, told her so. The Pelican magician was deciding whether to say the words that would turn Boy Blue into a weeny fairyman or those to make the dancer into a grown girl, when—



Rather than wake him Mother Goose tended the flock herself. "It was Boy Blue's first love affair," she said. "And it ended sadly. We must be kind to him until the hurt heals." Boy Blue did not suspect that she knew how he had passed the evening before, but she did. She is a mother, and, like all mothers, cannot be deceived. Never! They are far too wise.

FACT AND FICTION

By Hazen Conklin

LET me have your ear a minute; I would whisper something in it: When you think a mean thought, stab it, Least those thoughts become a habit!

ZIG-ZAGS. Life is too short to fuss over little trifles. Therefore, we make the big things seem only little.

LIFE LYRICS—NO. 5. There is a man in our street who thinks he's very wise; His conversation is replete with frequent "Me's" and "I's."

HOME RUNS. Many a man talks little to preserve the family balance. A swelled head is never the result of overcrowded brains.

LIFE LYRICS—NO. 6. Attractive Myrtilla Sold sarsaparilla In Attaboy's ice cream saloon; When fresh chappies bought 'em She speedily taught 'em That drinks weren't served with a SPOON!

ASSORTED FACTS. Usually the man who tells everything he knows doesn't have much to tell.

The spelling is slightly different, but exactly the same letters are used in conversation and conversation, but it takes a wise man to make the latter govern the former.

Wouldn't Look Just Right. A TRAVELING man was eating in a stuffy little restaurant one summer day. There were no screens at the windows or the door. The proprietress herself waited on her customers and showed flies from the able at the same time. Her energetic out vain efforts attracted the attention of the traveling man, who said:

"Would it not be better to have your windows and the door screened?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose that would help some," replied the woman, after thinking a moment, "but I would look mighty lazylike."—Everybody's.

Going Him One Better. A TENNESSEE mountaineer, not in the "moonshine" belt, went to town, and among other things he bought a jug of whiskey. Not wanting to carry it about with him, he decided to leave it at a grocery store for a while.

In order that the jug might be properly identified he took a deck of cards from his pocket, extracted the five of hearts, wrote his name upon it and attached it to the handle of the jug.

Two hours later the mountaineer returned. The jug was gone! "Look here, Jim," he cried to the proprietor of the store, "do you know what became of that jug of mine?" "Sure," rejoined the proprietor, "Jake Harwell came along with the six of hearts and took it."—Everybody's Magazine.

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